

This room, however, is comparatively small and very soft. There are so many cushions in it that you wonder why, if you are an outsider and don't know that it needs six cushions to make one fair head comfy. The couches themselves are cushions as large as beds, and there is an art of sinking into them and of waiting to be helped out of them. There are several famous paintings on the walls, of which you may say 'Jolly thing that,' without losing caste as knowing too much; and in cases there are glorious miniatures, but the daughters of the house cannot tell you of whom; 'there is a catalogue somewhere.' There are a thousand or so of roses in basins, several library novels, and a row of weekly illustrated newspapers lying against each other like fallen soldiers. If any one disturbs this row Crichton seems to know of it from afar and appears noiselessly and replaces the wanderer. One thing unexpected in such a room is a great array of tea things. Ernest spots them with a twinkle, and has his epigram at once unsheathed. He dallies, however, before delivering the thrust.

ERNEST. I perceive, from the tea cups, Crichton, that the great function is to take place here.

THE UNIFORM EDITION OF
THE PLAYS OF J. M. BARRIE

THE ADMIRABLE
CRICHTON

THE WORKS OF J. M. BARRIE.

NOVELS, STORIES, AND SKETCHES.

Uniform Edition.

AULD LIGHT IDYLLS, BETTER DEAD.
WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE.
A WINDOW IN THRUMS, AN EDINBURGH
ELEVEN.
THE LITTLE MINISTER.
SENTIMENTAL TOMMY.
MY LADY NICOTINE, MARGARET OGILVY.
TOMMY AND GRIZEL.
THE LITTLE WHITE BIRD.
PETER AND WENDY.

Also

HALF HOURS, DER TAG.
ECHOES OF WAR.

PLAYS.

Uniform Edition.

A KISS FOR CINDERELLA
ALICE SIT-BY-THE-FIRE.
WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS.
QUALITY STREET.
THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.
ECHOES OF THE WAR.

Containing: THE OLD LADY SHOWS HER
MEDALS—THE NEW WORD—BAR-
BARA'S WEDDING—A WELL-REMEM-
BERED VOICE.

HALF HOURS.

Containing: PANTALON—THE TWELVE-
POUND LOOK—ROSALIND—THE WILL.

Others in Preparation.

INDIVIDUAL EDITIONS.

PETER PAN IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.
Illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM.

PETER AND WENDY.
Illustrated by F. D. BEDFORD.

TOMMY AND GRIZEL.
Illustrated by BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

MARGARET OGILVY.

*. For particulars concerning *The Thistle*
Edition of the Works of J. M. BARRIE, sold only
by subscription, send for circular.

NEW YORK: CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

THE PLAYS OF
J. M. BARRIE

THE ADMIRABLE
CRICHTON

A COMEDY

WITHDRAWN
FROM COLLECTION
KNOXVILLE BRANCH
CLI

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

NEW YORK : : : : : 1922

APR 20 1971

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY
J. M. BARRIE

Printed in the United States of America

*All rights reserved under the International Copyright Act.
Performance forbidden and right of representation reserved.
Application for the right of performing this play must be
made to Charles Frohman, Inc., Empire Theatre, New York.*



Supr of Helen M. Smith

ACT I

19
18
17
16
15
14
13
12
11
10
9
8
7
6
5
4
3
2
1

ACT I

AT LOAM HOUSE, MAYFAIR

A moment before the curtain rises, the Hon. Ernest Woolley drives up to the door of Loam House in Mayfair. There is a happy smile on his pleasant, insignificant face, and this presumably means that he is thinking of himself. He is too busy over nothing, this man about town, to be always thinking of himself, but, on the other hand, he almost never thinks of any other person. Probably Ernest's great moment is when he wakes of a morning and realises that he really is Ernest, for we must all wish to be that which is our ideal. We can conceive him springing out of bed light-heartedly and waiting for his man to do the rest. He is dressed in excellent taste, with just the little bit more which shows that he is not without a sense of humour: the dandiacal are often saved by carrying a smile at the whole thing in their spats, let us say. Ernest left Cambridge the other day, a member of the Athenæum (which he would be sorry to have you confound with a club in London of the same name). He is a bachelor, but not of arts, no mean epigrammatist (as you shall see), and a favourite of the ladies. He

is almost a celebrity in restaurants, where he dines frequently, returning to sup; and during this last year he has probably paid as much in them for the privilege of handing his hat to an attendant as the rent of a working-man's flat. He complains brightly that he is hard up, and that if somebody or other at Westminster does not look out the country will go to the dogs. He is no fool. He has the shrewdness to float with the current because it is a labour-saving process, but he has sufficient pluck to fight, if fight he must (a brief contest, for he would soon be toppled over). He has a light nature, which would enable him to bob up cheerily in new conditions and return unaltered to the old ones. His selfishness is his most endearing quality. If he has his way he will spend his life like a cat in pushing his betters out of the soft places, and until he is old he will be fondled in the process.

He gives his hat to one footman and his cane to another, and mounts the great staircase unassisted and undirected. As a nephew of the house he need show no credentials even to Crichton, who is guarding a door above.

It would not be good taste to describe Crichton, who is only a servant; if to the scandal of all good houses he is to stand out as a figure in the play, he must do it on his own, as they say in the pantry and the boudoir.

We are not going to help him. We have had misgivings ever since we found his name in the title, and we shall keep him out of his rights as long as we can. Even though we softened to him he would not be a hero in these clothes of servitude; and he loves his clothes. How to get him out of them? It would require a cataclysm. To be an indoor servant at all is to Crichton a badge of honour; to be a butler at thirty is the realisation of his proudest ambitions. He is devotedly attached to his master, who, in his opinion, has but one fault, he is not sufficiently contemptuous of his inferiors. We are immediately to be introduced to this solitary failing of a great English peer.

This perfect butler, then, opens a door, and ushers Ernest into a certain room. At the same moment the curtain rises on this room, and the play begins.

It is one of several reception-rooms in Loam House, not the most magnificent but quite the softest; and of a warm afternoon all that those who are anybody crave for is the softest. The larger rooms are magnificent and bare, carpetless, so that it is an accomplishment to keep one's feet on them; they are sometimes lent for charitable purposes; they are also all in use on the night of a dinner-party, when you may find yourself alone in one, having taken a wrong turning; or alone, save for two others who are within hailing distance.
